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FROM THE "LIEDER UN GEDANKEN"  
OF FRUG.

*(Translated from the Yiddish.)*

THE GOLDEN KEY.

ONCE, upon a time far distant,  
Lived, they say, an ancient monarch.  
Wonderful beyond all telling  
Were the riches he possessed.

There were mounds of gold and silver,  
Heaps of diamonds and pearls.  
Guarded had they lain for ages,  
Hid within the mighty palace.

And the palace door was closed,  
Fastened, with a lock tremendous;  
But the key that turned the lock  
Was a little, tiny key!

Of the finest gold, the purest,  
Fashioned only was the little,  
Little key, and very easy,  
See you, had it been to lose it.

So the king, to make his riches  
Safer yet, he took the key,  
And securely he attached it  
To a great and heavy chain.

Lo, the key art thou, my people,  
To the old king's palace door!

. . . . .

Art the key to all those wondrous,  
All those dear and priceless treasures:  
Torah, charity and faith!—  
Only, so that never, never,

Thee in all this world, my people,  
Should he lose, has thy Creator  
Fastened thee beyond escaping  
To a great and heavy chain.

To a heavy chain of sorrows  
God has made thee fast, and said:  
Go, my people! tho' the stormwind  
And the tempest rage around thee,

Thou endurest—thou endurest!

### A FANTASY.

EACH man is a trader,  
The world is a fair:  
They boil and they fry,  
And they chatter and stare;  
They chaffer and haggle,  
And each one is keen  
On making a bargain,  
And profit, and profit—  
For me there's no profit!  
I beg, I implore:  
The money I ventured  
Restore me, restore!

For oh, in the business  
I ventured my best: